

# We Are Filled With Joy

John 12

She poured perfume upon his feet and dried it with her hair.  
The odor of the balm so sweet with fragrance filled the air.  
And with that costly gift she gave the best that she could bring.  
A moment rare when she might share affection for her King.

**Refrain:** We worship Him by giving Him the best we have to give.  
In work and play throughout the day each task we do becomes a way  
to thank Him for his love each moment that we live.

The talent God's afforded us that we might bring to bear  
in any task before can become a time to share  
It needn't be an offering beyond the widow's mite.  
What from the heart that we impart is worthy in his sight. **Refrain**

The simple task is magnified by how it is performed  
An offering of love might be a moment in a storm.  
Our trials and our triumphs can become a balm so sweet.  
We only need to choose to lay them at the Master's feet. **Refrain**